

John
Jan 29. 1767

A SATYRICAL
LECTURE (2.)
ON
HEARTS:

To which is added, A
CRITICAL DISSERTATION
ON
NOSES.

As they are now Performing,
At the Great Room, Exeter Exchange.

----- Ridiculum acri
Fortius & melius -----

HOR. S. I. 10. 14.

Nisi purgatum est pectus quæ prælia nobis
Atque pericula tunc ingratis insinuandum!
Quantæ conscindunt hominem cupidinis acres
Sollicitum curæ! Quantique perinde timores!
Quidve superbia, spurcities, petulantia quantas
Efficiunt cladeis! Quid liscus, desidiæque. —

LUCKET. Lib. 5.

L O N D O N :

Printed for G. KEARSLEY, in Ludgate-Street; W. NICOLE,
in St. Paul's-Church Yard; and RICHARDSON and
URQUHART, at the Royal-Exchange. 1767.

THE GREAT SATYRICAL FUTURE

ON
THE
CRITICAL DISSERTATION
ON
THE

As they are now performing,
At the Great Room, Exeter Exchange.

..... Ridiculous and
..... Fortes & molles

1788. 2. 1. 10. 14.

Idi pugnatum est pectus per pectus nobis
Atque pectus tunc ingratum infundunt
Quanta contumaciam hominem cupidinis arces
Sollicitum curat? Quasque perinde timores!
Quasque liberos, peritiamque quantas
Infundit? Idem? Quis illas, habundantia
Luceat, lib.

L O N D O N

Printed by Knapton, in Langate Street; W. H. H. H.
is St. Paul's Church Yard; and Richardson, in
Underneath the Royal Exchange.

D E D I C A T I O N
T O T H E
T O W N.

Most formidable TOWN!

DISSAPPOINTED authors may stile you the *many headed monster*, and call you a *beast of prey*; but, as I have met with nothing but candour good nature, and civility from you; as I have never heard one hiss from your tremendous mouth; nor the sound of one catcal from your redoubtable lips, I am so far from joining in the abuse against you; that I applaud your judgment, honour your candour, and admire your lenity; for all which I here return my most humble respects.

I have attempted to expose only *Vice* and *Folly*, at which none but the *Vicious* and *Foolish* could take exception. As therefore no exception hath been taken at me, I must reasonably conclude that that part of the

DEDICATION.

TOWN with whose company I have been honoured are *Wise* and *Virtuous*; and that the caps of satire which I have thrown abroad, have found no heads weak enough to wear them.

The most grateful return I can make to your repeated favours, most candid and respectable TOWN! is, to redouble my efforts to please you, and merit their continuance. To your patronage I commit this little book; for to whom can I with greater propriety inscribe this impression, than to you who have already patronized the author? I am,

Most respectable TOWN,

Your very obliged and

obedient humble servant,

Jan. 29th. 1767.

J. S. DODD.

THE

P R E F A C E.

THIS lecture was began about two years since, when the first ten hearts were wrote, without the least design of ever making them public. I read them to several of my friends, who did me the honour to approve of them. From that time they lay by me till last March, when I persued the hint and finished all the hearts, but the last; and at the desire of several very sensible and judicious persons, I undertook to exhibit them in public. I withstood for some time the intreaties of my friends. I represented to them how incapable a man, who had not the least experience in the practice of the stage but what he had acquired as a spectator, must be, to venture as a declaimer, or hope to please a judicious audience. That I was sensible my figure was against me. That I must be deficient in the execution of humour, however strong my conceptions might be; and that to succeed, as a performer, after the several excellent models the two theatres afford, would require greater abilities than I possessed. My remonstrances were in vain, I was answered that however, it required a man of six feet high to represent a hero, yet five feet five was a sufficient stature for a Lecturer. That a strict observation of na-

a 2

ture,

ture, without a theatrical education, would enable a man to be at least tolerable, if not excellent, for excellence was not to be expected. That true humour, would dictate proper action, and strong conception, proper emphasis: and that though my abilities were avowedly beneath a Garrick, a Holland, a Powell, a Smith, a Walker, &c. in the serious; or a Yates, a Woodward, or Sbuter, &c. in the comic; yet, the matter would in some measure excuse the manner; and as the hyper-critic would never approve the best performer, so a good-natured auditor would excuse any defect, from the earnest endeavour to please. I was obliged to submit. I hazarded the attempt, and it succeeded beyond my most sanguine expectations. Twenty-six audiences have already honoured me with their favour, which I take this opportunity to acknowledge with the utmost gratitude.

Some, have very critically supposed that this lecture was taken from Mr. Stevens's lecture on Heads; but they would have reasoned with more justice had they concluded the truth, that both the Heads and Hearts were first thought on, in consequence of the beau and coquette in the Spectator.

I do not pretend to draw any parallel between Mr. Stevens's lecture on heads and my lecture on hearts: I allow his work all its merits, and I only plead in favour of mine, that I have attempted to please without having recourse to low wit, ribaldry, personal reflection, pun, or quibble; and to the honour of a British audience, I must declare my opinion,
that

that such kind of stuff has, for some years past, met with the contempt it deserved; and that we are become more chaste, more delicate, and more judicious in regard to public performances, than our ancestors of a century past. Hence it appears that whatever is produced to the public, which is a true copy of nature, or a just ridicule of Vice and Folly, will be well received. It is the vice or the folly, not the Man, which is the just object of satire; and in regard to religious tenets, no man has a right to censure another for not thinking just as he does, since the same censure must return on himself. It is the atheist and the hypocrite, not the sectarist, who is proper food for satire, and such only I shall ever seek to expose. For on whatever foundation some may think to build their fame, or raise their fortune, it shall be ever my boast, that I will never write a line, which can raise a blush on the chastest cheek, or which I would wish to blot, or recal at my last hour.

As this lecture was at first thought too grave, some parts are now omitted in the exhibition, in compliment to those who are more able to laugh, than to think. And I have also added the Critical Dissertation on Noses.

Before I conclude, I must acknowledge the grateful sense I shall ever retain for the candid and kind reception my lecture hath met with from a number of Ladies and Gentlemen, with whose company I have been honoured: a favour the more flattering to me, as
it

it was unsolicited, and unsupported by any party whatsoever.

Some particular passages in my lecture are borrowed from other authors, where I thought they would be better adapted to my purpose than any I could compose myself, but I have marked those passages all along, for I scorn to arrogate to myself what is not properly and absolutely my own.

PROLOGUE

PROLOGUE

*AS when on untry'd ice th' advent'rous boy
First sets his foot, with mingled dread and joy,
Trembling he treads the dang'rous slipp'ry way,
And every step encreases his dismay;
'Till hearten'd by his comrades' chearing voice,
And hoping in their praises to rejoice,
The danger he first dreaded he defies,
And gains fresh courage ev'ry time he tries:*

*So I, surrounded with a double fear,
Before this fear'd tribunal now appear.
As author and performer both, I dread
"With all my imperfections on my head"
To meet your frowns, when I would wish to please,
And with this thought my anxious fears encrease.
With doubts oppress'd, the hazard I engage;
Tho' quite untry'd in perils of the stage.*

*Yet if you cheer me with your kind applause,
And judge not by the rigid critic's laws;
If candour in your gen'rous breasts prevail,
And o'er my faults you cast Good Nature's veil,
Enliven'd by your favours I'll proceed,
And this my bold attempt may yet succeed.*

*When my intention first was public made,
I took an idle whimsey in my head —
Where'er I heard it mention'd in my walk,
I thrust my nose—and listen'd to their talk.*

*"A lecture upon hearts! (said Gabriel Gruff.)
"I think of lectures we have had enough,
"Agents invisible, and such-like stuff.*

}

"The

P R O L O G U E.

"The town is tir'd with attempts like these,
None after Stevens e'er can hope to please."

"Bide ye a bit (said Donald) sure the heart
Of a'w the body is the noblest part;
I'll gang and hear out what the man shall tell;
Mayhap his lecture'll please me wond'rous well."

A burly justice started from his seat,
And cry'd —

"What are these hearts? — ar' there any good to eat?"

Mac Shane reply'd—"No! my dear cratur, no!
Believe me, on my word, it is not so;
They're only lectures to be speech'd or read,
To shew us what our hearts have in their head."

To him retorted monsieur Capriole,
"Ven did you see von heart to a'we von skull?
Non! ventrebleu! it is quelque autre chose,
'Tis to make laugh at dose he will expose."

A candid critic answers, "If he tries
To laugh at folly—there true merit lies,
When vice or folly swarm in any age,
Satire becomes the business of the stage;
Grave moral sentences now lose their aim,
And want their former power to reclaim.
Hence 'tis from satire we alone can find
A remedy for errors of the mind.
Then let him give a loose to ridicule,
And laugh at, and reform the knaves and fool;
'Till each offender, in a borrow'd name,
Sees his own faults, and mends himself—thro' shame."

Such is my plan—may you approve these arts!
And by applauding hands—shew gen'rous hearts.

A L E C T U R E

LECTURE

ON

HEARTS

PARTRIDGE

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

THIS town hath been amused for some time past with lectures on *heads*, which are certainly the least valuable parts of us Britons. We have frequently shewn to the world the greatness and the goodness of our *hearts*; but, alas! we have had very little to boast of in regard to our *heads*. As a proof of my assertion, I can appeal to the detail of almost every battle or siege by land or sea, in which we have ever had any share, to prove the *greatness* and *courage* of our *hearts*; and the numberless charitable institutions in these kingdoms, prove their *goodness*: while, on the other hand, consult our treaties of peace, from the reign of king *John*, to the peace of *Aix la Chapelle* (I omit that of *Fontainbleau*).—Behold the preference we give to foreigners, of every class and denomination;—see the swarm of mountebanks, quack-doctors, French tooth-drawers, friseurs, &c. amongst us;—remember the *Battle Conjuror*, *Simon the Jew*, *Betty Canning*, the *Cock-lane ghost*, and the wild beast of the *Gewauden*, and then, answer me if we can boast of the goodness of our *heads*.

B

The

The *face* (a part of the head) is frequently stiled the *index of the heart*; the thing *represented* is certainly more noble than the thing *representing*; therefore I hope none will deny that I have chosen the noblest subject, in giving a *lecture upon hearts*.

As among the wrong *heads* of this nation, some good and wise ones may be found (though I confess in no great number) so from among the great, good, generous, open, and benevolent *hearts*, some may be selected, which are weak, cowardly, base, cankered, false, and rotten; but I hope their number is equally small.

Having lately had an opportunity of dissecting a large number of *hearts* belonging to persons of different sexes, ages, countries, professions, ranks, and inclinations; and having carefully noted any different deviations from the standard of a *good upright heart*, I shall lay those remarks before you; but as I thought the sight of so many *real hearts* might be disgusting to the ladies, or lady-like gentlemen, if ever any such should come here, I have caused them to be delineated on paper. I must own the similitude would have better been preserved in wood, or stone, and accordingly I sought out for a *heart-turner*, but could not procure one in this metropolis; for all who professed that business, were engaged as journeymen to the several tabernacles; or sent down as curates to the fens in *Lincolnshire*, the wilds of *Kent* and *Sussex*, the marshes of *Essex*, or the mountains of *Wales*, to turn *hearts* for fifteen or twenty pounds a-year.

This, ladies and gentlemen, is a *sound upright heart*; (1) every organ of sense led to it, and made thereon the impressions which nature designed it should. It was

ever

(1) Shewing an upright heart.

ever compassionate to the distresses or wants of its dependants ; it was filled with real courage, true piety, sound patriotism, and every thing great, good, and glorious, which distinguishes and dignifies the man. This heart has been worn by many of our British monarchs, and may be justly named a *truly royal heart*. *Alfred* the great, *Edward* the third, *Henry* the fifth, *William* the third, and *George* the first and second, have each severally worn this heart ; and if any should ask where it now resides, my answer is, in the breast of HIM whom we now serve.

If the last heart was *upright*, this (2) seems terribly *warped*. This was also a *royal heart* : it was once strait, but was thus *bent*, *bowed*, and made *weak* by listening to favourites. When *William* the second wore it, the love of hunting gave it a *twist*, and then he destroyed houses, farms, corn-fields, churches, and whole towns, to make a forest to hunt in, where it was pierced by Sir *Walter Tyrrel's* arrow. When it was possessed by *Henry* the third, it was farther *bent* by his love to his favourite minister, the bishop of *Winchester*, till it was straitened by his confirmation of *Magna Charta*. It next fell to the lot of *Edward* the second ; then *Gaveston* and the two *Spencers* took it in hand, and made it so weak, and gave it such turns, that at last it turned him out of his crown and life. The same disasters befel its next possessor *Richard* the second. *Buckingham* and *Strafford* did the same by the heart of *Charles* the first, and with the same effect. Women, and a love of ease, *warped* the heart of *Charles* the second ; and after his death, priestcraft and arbitrary power got hold of it,

B 2

and

(2) Shewing a crooked heart.

and so lugg'd and tugg'd it about, that *James* the second was forced to walk off with it in this very condition.

This is the heart of a British sailor (3) made of the same stuff as the ship's bottom, *solid English oak*: this is truly an *heart of oak*. We found several cavities in this heart differently filled; in one, was courage; in another, inconsiderate prodigality; in a third, downright honesty; and a fourth was filled with flip, and his Wapping landlady's daughter. One morning being at the mast-head, he spied three sail, which he perceived to be enemies: He joyfully called aloud, "Quarter-master." "Hollo!" "Strand my top-gallant eye-strings, if there be not three sail right under our lee-bow." The quarter-master acquainted the quarter-deck therewith; the ship was cleared for action, and all hands to quarters. *Jack* fortified himself with a large suck from his case-bottle before his chest was struck down into the hold, and thus addressed *Florence O Flaharty* and *Angus M'Guffin*, two of his messmates, "D'ye hear, messmates, d'ye mind me! people may jaw as much as they will about these here Frenchmen, but unreave the laniards of my heart, and cast off the breechings and tackles of my soul, if ever I knew them stand tightly to a good tussle." "Jock, (answers *Angus M'Guffin*) ye mun learn that it is na policy to dispise yere enemy, for where is the honour of getting the victory when ye ha nane but cowardly loons to combat wi? I grant ye, lad, that the French ha na sic like merit in arms that can compare untill we; and the reeson is right easily given, because they are aw
slaves

(3) Shewing a wainscot colour'd heart.

slaves, and ken not the sweets of liberty, *libertas omnia vincet*. They fight only for the filler, and because they canna' help it; while we fight for the honour of our gued king, (God bless 'en) for the gued of our country, and to preserve our ain sells fra popery and slavery, that is, we fight *pro aris et focis*." To him O Flabarty replied, "O hone a chree, my dear Angush! ha done with your botherations; de'el burn me if I am knowing any thing at all of Mr. Arish and Mr. Foshish, nor never fit for dem since I first saw the day-light in my mother's own cabbín in Tipperary: but I'll tell you what I fight for: I fight to keep up my charecter, and the charecter of my country; for never did no man, since the days of Pheen M'Hoole, see an Irishman turn his back, while he could stand with his faith forward. Oh! mona mon Dyowl, who ever saw an Irishman a coward?" Honest Jack replied, "Messmates, I know you are both good fellows, that will stand to your guns while there is either round, cross-bar, or grape-shot to be got: none of your wishy washy land lubbers, and as we have got a good commander, let us stand to it, and drub their French jackets. I own, mess-mate Angus, that the French officers fight well enough, as you must remember; we were along-side the Centur, she pelted away bloodily; but as for their common sailors, they are such a set of ragamuffins, that, unship all my teeth that I may never shiver a biscuit again, if they are any more worth the powder and shot that is thrown away upon them, than the small birds in White-chapel-fields and about Limehouse-hole.—But avast!—Here they come. The commodore has clewed up her sails and waits for us. She's a bigger ship than we to besure, and has heavier metal.—But what of that? A shot can but make a hole; and as for ourselves, 'tis in vain flinching; for, d'ye see, every shot has his commission as if it were
pasted

passed on it; if it is not to hit us, why then it goes by, you know; and if it is, if we were on the truck of the main-top-gallant mast, or down in the light-room, 'tis all one, 'twould come there and give us a dowse."—To it they went.—The French commodore was beaten off and his convoy, two East-Indiamen, fell into their hands. Jack was paid off at the peace, and came to London to wait for his prize-money,—he waited for it indeed—above three years, and never got it neither; for being arrested for a debt of seven pounds, which he could never raise, he was put into the Marshalsea, and there his poor honest heart, tough as it was, was broke with ill-usage, and he died, having an hundred and seventeen pounds, due to him as prize-money, in the hands of *an agent*.

Here's an odd heart (4)—whose do you think it is?—Perhaps you take it to be Satan's!—no such thing—his heart is not quite so black. This is the heart of the agent, who had poor Jack's prize-money,—There is nothing like ill-got money, like defrauding the poor, and withholding the due of the widow and orphan, for blackening the heart. This fellow was the bastard son of a country attorney (who set all his neighbours together by the ears, to get an honest living for himself) and a travelling gypsy, who told fortunes, cheated servant-maids of their rings and thimbles, and stole linen and poultry. The boy inherited fraud from his mother; and deceit, low-cunning, and hard-heartedness from his father. With these qualifications he was put to a charity-school, where he learned to read, write, cast accounts, and sing psalms. At length he took the opportunity of his mistress's nodding over her brandy-bottle

to

to pick her pocket of seventeen shillings, and then set out for London, to make his fortune with that immense sum. He at first got to be boy at an alehouse, where he was very diligent in observing who got drunk and fell asleep, on whom he always raised contributions, 'till one fatal night, mistaking his man, he was detected by *Owen Caradoc*, a Welshman, who finding Tom's hand in his pocket, cried, "Cot ples hur and preserve hur! What so young, and a tief! To be sure, child, you will come to the callows, if you do not leese off your evil ways in time; besides, that is the least of the matter, for the tevil will have you, and tofs you about with fiery pitch-forks, which he will stick into you." Dear sir! (cries Tom) forgive me this time; if I can but 'scape the gallows here, let me alone with the devil and his pitch-forks. The good-natured Welshman took pity on his youth, and, to put him out of harm's way, sent him on board a man-of-war.

In this new station Tom behaved with great cunning and circumspection; he wrote under the clerk, and in time was advanced to the dignity and honour of waiting on the captain, who being killed in an engagement, Tom took care to secure what he could find in his master's scrutore. At the ship's going into port, he got his discharge, and came to London, where he became clerk to an Old-Bailey solicitor — which no doubt greatly improved his morals. — He then married the bar-keeper of a neighbouring tavern, who complimented him with a son five months after their marriage. The vintner stood godfather, and was a very good friend to them both. His wife proved a very good wife, and being tolerably handsome, so exerted herself in her husband's interest, that he was appointed clerk to a capital ship. There he improved his talents and his money.

money, and whenever she was going into port to be paid, very generously lent the sailors a guinea a-piece to receive only five and twenty shillings at the payable. Having thus procured money, he therewith bought friends, and at last set up as an agent. In this station he cheated all who had any concerns with him, and fattened on the cries of the distressed; till he broke his heart at reading in the news-papers that an act would be passed for regulating agents for prize-money, and make them account for what cash they have received. —Happy it is for us that few such agents are now left!

The last heart was *black*, but this (5) is a *white heart*. This is the heart of a *coward*, the most despicable of all characters. The last owner of this heart was *Tom Bubblefoot*, a bully, who usurped a uniform, wore a long sword, and fiercely-cock'd hat, and called himself *captain*. He was one of the worthy fraternity of sharpers, a constant attendant on billiard tables, and played *all* the game at back-gammon. He was a curious observer of faces, and where ever he saw any outward marks of weakness and timidity; where ever he found a young bubble just come to his estate, who was possessed of more money than wit, and more land than brains; he introduced himself into his company, and, by a dextrous shuffle of the cards, or an artful cog of the dye, eased him of his superfluous wealth; if the deluded youth seemed to doubt the fairness of his play, the strength of his voice, and the length of his sword, were often effectual to stifle all complaints. He was also a great hero among the unhappy defenceless women of the town, being mean enough to disgrace manhood by partaking of the wages of their iniquity: O

he

(5) Shewing a white heart.

he was a brave fellow ! for he could bully a parson, and lift up his foot against a petticoat, 'till at last he died of a fright, at seeing the mistress of an alehouse, where he had sconced a Welsh rabbit and a pint of two-penny, take up the kitchen poker to oblige him to pay his reckoning.

This was the heart of a *real captain*, (6) courage and honour were its chief inhabitants ; and humanity (that constant companion of true bravery) there had her throne. He was above eating the bread of idleness, and never got removed when his regiment was sent on service; nor ever fell sick on the eve of a battle. He was just and generous to his men, and they obeyed him through love. In action he seemed to be informed with the spirit of a lion ; but the battle once over, he had the meekness of the lamb. He scorned to attempt the ruin of that sex which the brave should ever defend ; or to be the terror of a set of affrighted waiters or feeble watchmen. After he had been raised from an ensign, by his merit alone, to the command of a company, there he stuck ; for three subalterns, whose friends could each raise a dozen votes at an election, four great mens bastards, the son of a commissary, and a nobleman's butler, being put over his head, he generously resigned his commission (though not till the end of the war) and retired upon ill-paid half-pay, to a cheap county, where he died, without leaving even his taylor's bill unpaid.

C

This

(6) Shewing a florid red heart.

This is a *light heart*; (7) the heart of a gay spark; one who *knew life*. He ruined his health, lost his reputation, spent his fortune, and perverted his morals by *seeing life*. What a pity! This youth had real good parts; he despised in his heart the harlots who deceived him; he detested the sharpers he herded with; he loathed the insipid brutal pleasures of a midnight revel; and his soul shuddered at the impieties and blasphemies he outwardly seemed to approve. Yet he went on, in despite of the humanity he strove to stifle, and the checks of his conscience, which he drowned in wine; till he died of old age and a broken constitution before he had counted twenty-four years, and left behind him the empty praise of being a good-natured fellow, who would never flinch at any that one of the company proposed.

This cankered heart (8) belonged to an usurer, a twenty per cent scoundrel, who locked up his gold till it was cankered as his heart. We have exhibited the *auricles* of this heart, which are vulgarly called the *deaf ears*. They were truly so with him, for he never was guilty of the least tenderness, but constantly deaf to every sound, but those of *interest*, *premium*, *discount*, and *prompt payment*. His house was furnished with presents for forbearance, and his bread and meat came *gratis* from the butcher and baker, over whose heads he held the undischarged bond. At home he abhorred gluttony and drunkenness, and never was guilty of either, unless at another person's table, where he got at it free cost: then indeed, no member of Comus's court could drink more, nor luxurious gownsmen feed more hearty. Yet this fellow,

(7) Shewing a small heart.

(8) Shewing a green heart with the ears to it.

fellow, in the Change-alley language, was called a good man. A young man came to him, and being shewn into the parlour, the old man said, "Well, sir, do you come to lend or to borrow?" Sir, replied the youth, I want a little money on the reversion of my estate after the death of my father, who is seventy-one. —Oh! if you only come to borrow, we can talk of that by one candle: (a) times are very hard, and since so much tallow is used for hard soap, candles are at a most enormous price. Ah, young man! times are very hard, and money very scarce,—your father may live a many years, and you may die soon, (you must insure your life, and lodge the policy in my hands) youth is no security against death; let me see if you look hearty. Most of you young fellows now a-days are rotten before you are ripe—pretty well (b)—I can lend you the money upon your reversion it is very true, but I have no running cash, I must sell out—stocks are very low—3 per cents. fetch only 83 and 7-8ths. A great loss—you must be at that expence—I can't afford it—I have lost a great deal of money by being good-natured, and lending it out.—Why there was last week, I was taken in for three hundred pounds that I lent to *Peter Needy* seventeen years ago at seven per cent.—'Tis true the interest was regularly paid and now and then a guinea for forbearance, but the fellow died last week, and I have lost all the principle.—Four hundred pounds I lent a year ago to an hair-dresser, to fit him out that he might take a journey to Edinburgh with a girl of fortune from a boarding-school, and now I call for my money I find he is protected by baron *Van Thunderfeldt*, the what-d'ye-call'm minister.—But still I will let you

C 2

have

(a) Putting out one candle.

(b) Looking at him through a pair of spectacles.

have the money on the terms I told you of." This poor man's misfortunes were very great: one fatal morning the rats finding nothing in his cupboard to eat, devoured three bonds and a bill of sale, and the same day his maid swore a child to him. This quite destroyed his reason, and the next morning poor *Iffachar Barebones* was found hanging at the tester of his bed.

This (9) great lubberly overgrown heart was once that of *Mynheer Van Gotten Gelt*, burgomaster of *Scheidam*, and merchant of herrings and whale-oil. One of the cavities of this heart was filled with ducats, and the other with butter, which had so covered its whole substance, that it was impenetrable to any thing but gain; and the sharpest stings of conscience were blunted by the unctuousity of his darling food. *Sacramenteen Ich can well de gelt holden*, said he one day, and clapping his hand upon his pocket, *Sdonder and Blixen, here been mine Got*. If you wanted to buy of him on credit, *Ich can nich forstand Mynheer*. But shew him the money, and he would open his mouth as wide as that of *Garguntua*, and roar out, *Why yaw, hogan well geboren Heer dat is goodt*.

This heart (10) with wings to it, and hung round with ribbons, was that of *Monsieur Jean Baptiste la Volage*, native of *Gascony*, first, tumbler to an Italian *Ciarlitano*, and dancing-master to a city boarding-school. He was all life; he daneed, but never walked; he sung, but never thought. The strings of his heart resembled cat-gut, and the ears of it were hung with the wires of a guitar; he would dance into a room singing,

Si

(9) Shewing such a heart.

(10) Shewing such a heart.

Si j'avois pour heritage
La tresor la plus charmanete.

Ah, ma chere mademoiselle la governante, que vous etes amiable ! vat a losely color you ave upon your contenance. You are parfaitement adorable. Vere be all de yonge missées ? Let dem learn to dance-a-moy ; 'tis de Franshman dat give de belle air. Sacra blue, dere is no nation under de sun dat can compare vid la France. "De French cobbler, de savetier ave more de politess, de breeding, den de Dutch colonel."

Le pape dedans sa grotte,
Quoi que ce lieu soit divine ;
Permit bien que l'on y goutte
De l'excellent jus du vin.

Par ainsi, mes amis,
Puisque l'on y boit a Rome,
Aú Palais de ce saint homme,
Nous en pouvons boir ici.

Ah, vive la France ! ve be all gay, point de chagrin ! de French be all got finging, and dey be born dancing. —Ay (says a surly Englishman, who happened to be by) and many of you go out of the world the same way. This poor Frenchman having to cross a brook upon a single plank, scorned to walk over, and cutting a caper in the middle, fell into the water, and was drowned, notwithstanding the lightness of his head.

This heart (11) labelled with the names of the most eminent philosophers, once belonged to the reverend

(11) Shewing such a heart;

reverend Dr. *Matthew Musty*, fellow of a college in one of our universities. There he remained four and forty years; and dogmatically obtruded his opinion on every man who was not quite of so long standing in the place. His ideas were contracted, and his knowledge totally confined to books: for he was as ignorant of the ways of mankind as if he alone occupied the whole globe. He knew the policy of *Athenis*, *Sparta*, and *Rome*; but not of his own country, of which he would not have remembered the name of the reigning king, had he not been reminded of it at church and by drinking his health on a *scarlet gown day*. He could tell you the exact breadth of the rivers *Simois* and *Seamander*, though he knew not that of the *Thames*; and was better acquainted with the number of *Stadia* between *Corinth* and *Lacedemon* than the miles between *London* and *York*. His language was Latin anglicised, and he scorned to condescend to the capacities of the illiterate. One day standing at the door of his college, he was accosted by a porter, who asked him where he might find Mr. Freshman, a fellow commoner of that college? To whom he very gravely answered, "Friend, thou must *crucify* the *quadrangle*, and *ascend* those *grades*, and thou wilt find him *perambulating* in his *cubile*, near to the *fenestra*." The astonished porter caught the last word, and submissively demanded, whereabouts *fenestra* was? To whom Dr. *Musty* graciously replied, "I find that thou art ignorant, that is, one of the *illiterati*, but I will instruct thee. Know then that the *fenestra* is the *diaphanous*, part of the *edifice*, raised for the *introduction* of *illumination*." The porter despairing of finding Mr. Freshman from the very clear directions of the doctor, applied to one of the servitors who was not quite so learned. (c)

This

(c) This story is old, but being quite in character, is not improperly adapted.

This reverend doctor having dreamed over his books, got drunk with college ale, smoked nine pipes a day, and signalized himself by proving (in *no more* than seven volumes in folio) that all the hounds in *Diana's* pack were bitches; he broke his heart because he could not find one bookseller who would undertake the impression of that erudite performance.

This heart⁽¹²⁾ transfixed with two pens, the badges of his profession, was once in the breast of Mr. *Lawrence Latitat*, attorney, of Chancery-lane. He was a keen man—knew all the law, and understood every loop-hole thereof.—But why need I describe him, when the salutary advice he gave to a young fellow, that was put as a clerk to him, will best shew his qualifications. Taking the youth one day into his study, and making him sit down, “Young man (said he) I have an extreme regard for your family; I love your father as well as I do a fat cause; and for his sake I will endeavour to make you master of your business. Mind therefore what I say to you; and profit by my council. The first thing necessary in our profession is to have a bailiff, a few witnesses, and a clerk in court, at your disposal; with those strings to your bow, you may undertake any thing, and risque every thing. In all professions there are certain *rigid people*, who make a point of doing their duty, and boggle at the smallest proposal. Never have any thing to do with such folks; they are a parcel of brutes who are good for nothing. But then there are, happily, a greater number of *good natured men*, whom want, or avarice render *sociable*, and who will do *any thing for money*. It is upon their poverty or covetousness that clever attorneys found their success in all difficult cases; for an attorney who does nothing but
what

(12) Shewing such a heart.

what is regular and in strict form, will seldom keep his coach. But, if you will copy after me, I will lay *Ruff-head's edition of the statutes at large* to an halfpenny dying speech, that in ten years after you are out of your clerkship, you shall have ruined forty families, and have acquired the fee-simples of ten good farms in *Comitatu Middlesex*. I perceive, young man, you have a natural love for money, and art therefore half an attorney already; but to get to the head of your profession in a short time, you must be *hard* and *pitiless*, especially to those pigeons that are worth plucking. Never engage in a cause but where either the plaintiff or the defendant have the *bona notabilia*. Never agree to any arbitration or compromise if you can possibly avoid it. Study delay, and always strive that a cause may grow grey-headed in your office, before it comes to a final conclusion."

This honest man met with a tragical end, in a most comical manner; for going one day with a landlord to make a seizure, an old woman of the house ran a spit into that fatal part where *More* of *More-hall* gave the dragon of *Wantley* his death's wound, and he died in consequence of that forcible entry.

A LECTURE

L E C T U R E

ON

H E A R T S.

P A R T II,

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

THOSE who know ought of human nature must acknowledge that there is not any thing in the world more difficult to understand than the heart of *man*—unless it is the heart of a *woman*. However difficult the task is, I have attempted it. And that the ladies may not think themselves neglected, I have procured a parcel of *female hearts*.

This is a *tender heart* (13)—Womens hearts are generally *tender*, but this was *extraordinarily* so. It belonged to Miss *Susanna Sympathy*, a milliner, near *Covent-garden*. She had too much *tenderness* to refuse her consent to any thing that was asked her; she compassionated every distress she saw, whether real or assumed; her *tender heart* was uneasy at the sight of it. She purchased relief to herself, by bestowing it on the seemingly miserable, and then thought she had done an *act of charity*. Why she would weep at the death of a sparrow; and when *George Gingerbread*, Esq; ensign in
D a march-

(13) Shewing a pale heart.

a marching regiment, threw himself at her feet, and swore he could not live without her, she was so *tender* she had not the *heart* to refuse him. Ungrateful man! his heart, alas! was not made of such *penetrable stuff*, for he left her four months after, and joined his regiment in Germany. Poor *Susan* tenderly lamented his infidelity, and would (perhaps) have died with grief, but that her heart was so moulded by the first amour, that it was become as wax, ready to receive any stamp; yet so soft that no impression thereon was durable, but had such a succession of impressions, one driving out the other, that her whole time was taken up with her shop and her lovers; till she died of a cold, caught in her *fourth lying-in*.

This heart, (14) an absolute contrast to the last, is a *stony heart*. This lately belonged to Mrs. *Rachael Rutblefs*, a widow lady, who had been married just long enough to have a son and a daughter, but not to love her husband: she was therefore far from regretting his death, as she was thereby left the uncontrolled mistress of her own actions; and she could tyrannize over her children, domestics, and dependants; which she did, till her heart, *naturally hard*, was *totally petrified*. She never gave to the poor, "the parish was to provide for them." She exacted the utmost farthing from her tenants; and no calamity of an hail-storm, high wind, or distemper among the cattle, could move her to abate one farthing of her rent. She had none of the *milk of human nature* in her: none of those soft sensations which do honour to the female sex. She tormented her servants till they would sooner forfeit a month's wages than

(14) Shewing a stone-colour'd heart.

than stay the month of warning. She racked her tenants till they broke, and left the stock on their farms for her to buy at her own price. She deprived her son of every innocent freedom, and kept his pocket so pennyless, that he listed for a soldier, to have two-pence a day, which he could call his own; she debarred her daughter from the company of men,—* “Love was nothing but weakness.”)—till, unable to distinguish the man of real worth from the frothy coxcomb, she ran away with a waiter at a tea-house, where she sometimes spent a cribb’d sixpence. Mrs. *Ruthless* was unmoved at all this; her servants were all *impertinent creatures*; her tenants *idle folks*; her son was a *filly blockhead*, that *deserved to bite on the bridle*; and as for her daughter, *as she had made her bed so she might lay in it*. Yet this woman kept a very respectable outside; she was a constant attendant at church; whence she as constantly came home and scolded her servants. She visited all the *decent women* in the parish, and had always something to say against the *absent*; for indeed every female she knew had *something very unaccountable in their conduct*. She never made the least allowance for the frailties of human nature, but was sure to take every action by its worst handle; “And her tongue was as venomous as the sting of an adder, for she seldom darted it beyond her teeth but she wounded somebody’s reputation.” Thus she was hated by all that knew her, and dreaded by all that depended on her; till having lived unrespected, she died unlamented. And that no *real* good might be done with her wealth, she left it to parish-schools and work-houses, that the church-wardens and overseers might feast themselves and starve the poor the better.

C 2

This

* This passage is borrowed.

This is a *bloated heart*, (15) and was the property of Mrs. *Nancy Nantz*, the daughter of honest *Charles Carbuncle*, attorney, of *Clement's-inn*, and wife to an eminent brandy-merchant. This poor woman had contracted such a violent lowness of spirits, that she was obliged to have frequent recourse to her husband's choicest unadulterated cask, till her heart and her face were both of one stamp—bloated, and curiously overspread with carbuncles. When she had taken but one sup, she was cross; but when she had repeated the dose, properly, she was thoroughly good-natured. She would meet her husband at his return from his evening's club, with eyes staring like those of an half-strangled kitten, throw her arms around his neck, with the enchanting fondness of *Sycorax* in the *Tempest*, and say, “My dear Mr. Nantz! why do you thus endanger your health, by going to taverns, where you drink nothing but nasty brewed wine? Why can't you spend your evenings with me? I have had charming company here to-night.—Why here has been Mrs. *Griskin*, the butcher's wife, in *Pig-street*—Mrs. *Mash*, the malt-distiller's lady—Mrs. *Sip*, the midwife—and the widow *Cogue*.—We have tasted thirteen pipes of right ——— They like it wonderfully, and have ordered nine gallons a-piece to be sent home to-morrow morning—Ready-money customers, Mr. Nantz.—I just tasted a drop myself—I love to promote trade—Not that I love drams, you know, my dear!—but really I drank so much tea this afternoon (which they say is a great depresser of the spirits) that I was forced to take a *thimble-full*—to dispel the wind, and comfort me a little.” —’Tis all very well, Nanny, (replied the husband) but

(15) Shewing a heart swelled and full of livid spots.

but I must promote trade myself, and therefore cannot avoid going to my neighbour *Stum's* club; you know that he is a good customer to me for brandies, to strengthen his weak wines—but I fancy my brandy is rather too strong for you.”—“Not in the least, my dear! my stomach is very *cold* you know, but a *thimble-full* does for me.”—Poor Mrs. Nantz went on with her thimble-full's till she departed this life in a fit of the *hiccups*.

What! (methinks you say) have you got no *good* female hearts in your parcel? Yes, ladies, I have. Here is a *good* heart. (16)

This heart, like the royal heart, has inhabited many breasts, and has passed for many ages, not by hereditary descent, but by adoption, from one good woman to another. It indeed did not take up its constant residence with many, but stayed a longer, or a shorter time, as it was used by the possessor. With some females it stayed their whole lives; with others it remained only in their virgin state, and quitted them when they were married, (at the same time that cleanliness, neatness, delicacy, and good-humour departed.) With others it never popp'd into their breasts till they were wives; and with some, not till they were widows. *Penelope*, the wife of *Ulysses*; *Portia*, the wife of *Brutus*; *Andromache*, the wife of *Hector*; *Eleanor*, the wife of king *Edward*, of *England*; and many others, wore it all their lives. It stayed with fair *Helen*, of *Greece*, till she saw young *Paris*; and was a temporary visitor to a great number of other women. This heart was possessed of every

(16) Shewing a florid well-coloured heart.

every virtue that can make the fair sex still fairer ; and light up the pure fire of lawful love. When with single females, then it had the strictest modesty, the justest decorum, and noblest sensibility. When worn by married ones, they were faithful, without arrogance ; tender, without weakness ; fond, without fulsomeness ; chearful, without levity ; solid, without fullness ; and grave without moroseness. It followed its own virtuous dictates, and never entertained the least disgust, but at vice. This heart was designed for each of you, that you might be *good* as well as *fair*. This heart will cause you to be truly beloved—will make you chaste and prudent virgins—faithful and affectionate wives—dutiful daughters—tender mothers—indulgent mistresses—and valuable friends.

The possession of this heart will enliven your youth, chear your middle age, and render your declining years comfortable. And this heart will inhabit the bosom of every female, who does not banish it thence by suffering folly, fashion, dissipation, or passion to usurp its place.

How much were it to be wished that every woman had such an heart as this ; but, alas ! the contrary is too plainly seen, for here is

The heart of a virago, a termagant, a woman of spirit. (17) This was lately the heart of Mrs. *Fanny Firebrand* and its owner was a constant plague to herself and all around her. When a girl, she was continually in broils ; and her teeth and nails in constant employ. As she grew up, she would claw her sisters, pull her brothers by the hair, and pout and maunder at her parents ; who were glad to

(17) Shewing a large spotted heart.

to get her off of their hands at any rate, and married her to Mr. Firebrand, a wealthy glass-blower. Poor man! the honey-moon was scarce over, when she boxed his ears, kicked down the tea-table, broke a large looking-glass, and flung his wig in the fire. This was to show *her spirit*, for if any one dared to mention the word *obey*, or exhort her to mildness, she would redden like a turkey-cock, and answer, "What shall I truckle to a husband? Shall I submit myself to the controul of any man? No! I have a *spirit* above such meanness." "But (says her meek husband) my good Fanny, moderate your passion, keep it within the bounds of decency, the neighbours will hear you, and take you for a meer scold."—"I care not for the neighbours (answers the enraged Grizzel) I will speak what I think, and if they call me scold, they will do me wrong, for every one who knows me, knows I have the patience of Job, or else I could not bear your goings on; you suffer yourself to be imposed upon by every body, and have no more spirit than a ninny-hammer. Would I suffer Mr. Didapper to owe me ten pounds, and let his wife flaunt it about in her silks and sattins, not I indeed, I would tear his heart out first." This was her daily employment, and she so enured her poor patient help-mate to it, that he submitted to every thing she said, *for fear of making her alarum ring louder than ordinary*. Thus she gave a loose to the extravagance of her passions, till at last, in a violent rage against her mantua-maker for having plaited the back of her sack awry, she burst a blood-vessel, and thus released her poor spouse from his perpetual plague.

This

This is a giddy heart, (18) and once belonged to Mrs. *Mary Mutable*. She ran away from a boarding-school with a smart young fellow, and they soon grew weary of each other. Separate pleasures occupied them both, and as money was not wanting, she never strove to baulk her desires, or think of their consequences. Dissipation was all she sought after—no matter what scheme was proposed, she very readily gave into it. If it was to applaud a musical opera, or damn, a new tragedy; to stand sponsor at a christening, or go in the second coach at a funeral; it was all the same to Polly. When a party of pleasure was proposed, she was never backward. Was it to go to an horse-race, or an execution; to glitter at an assembly, or mob it in the two-shilling gallery. Her whole life was spent in inconsistencies. She hated her husband, yet would faint at the thoughts of his having a mistress. She would rail at her chamber-maid one moment, and the next give her a silk gown, before she had worn it six times. She would weep over her sick lap-dog, and as soon as he recovered would order her footman to drop him. She was ever in extremes, and her temper either in the highest extravagance of spirits, or the most sour melancholy, and at last died of a fright from a squib flying into her coach on a bonfire night, as she was driving through the streets to look at the illuminations.

This was the heart of lady *Lefty*, (19) a truly proud heart. She was a living library of obsolete heraldry, and could derive, without book, her genealogy from William

(18) Shewing a heart leaning on one side.

(19) Shewing a large deep red heart.

William the conqueror; among whose shabby attendants perhaps the founder of her tribe came over a pillaging foot-soldier." * She would not permit herself to be waited on by vulgar folks, but had constantly two or three decayed gentlewomen at her command. These she was continually reproaching with their condition, and enhancing her own superiority. They were the objects of her eternal ill-nature and haughtiness; and the constant themes, to her company, of her great condescension. If they gave the gentlest answer to her repeated invectives, they were *insolent buffies*; if they gave no answer, they were *sullen*; and if the unfortunate girls burst into tears, at such insults, then they were *stomach-full creatures*, and *cried out of spite, because they could not have their wills*. Nay, she almost disdained to breathe the fresh air, because the *common people* could enjoy it as well as she; and loathed the very light of the sun, because it did not shine alone upon the quality. She broke her heart for grief, that a pair of diamond earrings she had been bargaining for, had been sold by the *dirty scoundrel of a jeweller* to the daughter of a wealthy tobacconist.

This was the heart of *Nelly Notable*, (20) an excellent housewife, a clever woman, one who understood the whole art of management. She was particularly famous for making of minced pies, venison pasties, and jugging a hare. *Her* pickled cucumbers were always greener than any of her neighbours, and *her* walnuts had a more delicate flavour. She could brew ale, make elder-wine and raisin-brandy; and as for her favourite salve, it was a most infallible cure for chilblains, or kib'd-heels. She always marked her own linen, and

E

was

* This expression is also borrowed.

(20) Shewing a well-formed heart.

was a constant attendant in the laundry and kitchen. Servants were often careless (she said) and "when the cat's away, the mice will play," was her most frequent expression. She marketed herself, and if she thought she had saved a farthing in the pound in a sirloin of beef, the self-satisfaction she had from it, diffused good-nature over her face for the next twenty-four hours. Not that she was of a narrow mean spirit, but she hated to be imposed upon, and though it was a great addition to her qualifications that she could buy cheaper than her neighbours, as it argued a greater skill in housewifery, and shewed that she was a *notable smart woman*; a character she was more ambitious of than the title of a dutchess; nay, she has sometimes carried her oeconomy to that degree, that she would expend three shillings in coach-hire, to go and save three-pence in six yards of cloth at an advertising linen-draper. She alway gave the superfluities of her table to the poor, while they were fit to eat. On sundays, when service was over, she went, in summer time, to walk in the fields; constantly regaled with ale and a bun; bought a pennyworth of fruit for the children, and gave her loose halfpence to the beggars, that is, if they were clean, for a dirty hand or face forfeited all title to her benevolence. Though she brought little fortune to her husband, she saved him one; had the satisfaction to make her children industrious, and lived to see them well settled. Then died in a good old age, of an illness contracted by sitting up three nights with one of her poor neighbours, and left behind her the character of one, *who, though not of any shining parts, was still a very useful woman.*

If Mrs. Notable was an useful woman, the owner of this heart (21) from which issued two streamers, waving with every wind, was absolutely useless. Poor Miss *Winifred Weathercock* was courted by seventeen different men; had the ring and licence bought by six of them, was out-asked in the church with eight more, and yet never held long enough in one mind to be married to either. She had a pretty fortune left her by an uncle, which she greatly diminished by changing it from one stock to another. She had a fresh succession of servants every two months; bought a parrot one week, and exchanged it the next for a monkey, because Poll talked louder than herself. Pug had his turn in his mistress's favour, but he grew so mischievous, that she was tired of him in a month. Then she alternately was enamoured of a squirrel, a lap-dog, a bull-finch, a canary-bird, and a tabby cat. But *Scug* bit her finger; *Pompey* filled her with fleas; *Bully* piped too loud; *Dickey* required too much looking after; and *Tibby* offended her with her melodious love-squalls; so each grew out of favour. She would go from her house to the opera, but recollecting by the way that a famous divine was to preach an evening lecture, ordered Tom to drive her to church. She seated herself in a pew, and remained there till she remembered she had promised a bride visit to her first cousin; away she hurried there, but the room being full of company, made a short stay; and went to a party of quadrille at lady *Crump's*; then she was disgusted with the cards, and went home, only because she had no where else to go to: whether she would have fixed at last is unknown, for being indisposed with a slight cold, she took *Hill's* balsam of *Honey*, *Lee's* Lozenges, *Daffy's* Elixir, *Bateman's* Pectoral

E 2

Drops,

(21) Shewing such a heart.

Drops, James's Powder, and a long etcetera of advertised medicines, allowing *neither* time to do her any service (if either of them had been able) till they made altogether such a disturbance within her, that she died a martyr to fickleness, at the age of twenty-two.

This is in the shape of an heart, but had no other mark of its being one, as it was only a *solid lump of ice*, and may be truly called a *frozen heart* (22). It once belonged to miss *Diana Dainty*, the coldness of whose heart, had such an effect on her countenance, that it chilled every one who designed to address her. When she found that neither her purse, nor person, could allure the men; she began to *despise all mankind* and had such an aversion to males, that she had none but hens in her farm yard in the country, and only *she dogs and she pusses* in her house in town. She would not keep a maid servant that had any sweethearts, she abhorred *such-forward husseys*. Three stale virgins were all her household; and with them she would sit and rail at mankind; recount the number of good offers she had refused, and conclude her discourse with, *wisblyg nunneries were allowed in protestant countries*. Her parlour was decorated with the pictures of *St. Agnes*, *St. Catherine* and others, who lost their lives to preserve their virginity. She never went to church but when *parson Sleek* preached, him indeed she could bear, because *he looked so much like a woman*: when she grew in years, she had a great capitulation with *Ursula Fussy* her own woman, *Margery Mouldy* her chambermaid, and *Deborah Drybones* her cook. Making them sit down by her,
 “ Come said. she (screwing up her mouth as if it had
 “ been gargled with allum posset) you are all good
 “ good

(22) Shewing a heart of the colour of ice.

“ good girls (though by the way, the youngest was
“ forty-nine) leave off ceremony, and give me your
“ opinions in a very important affair. You know I
“ am not quite so able to walk as I used to be; not
“ that I am old, but I have had the rheumatism you
“ know for some time. However I would have a
“ coach, but there is one great impediment, I shall
“ hate to be driven by a nasty *be creature of a coachman*,
“ and that is the sole reason, I have not hitherto set
“ up my carriage.”—*Why to besure, ma’am*, (answers
Deborah, drawing up her neck to the length of that of
a crane) *what you say is very true; for if so be, as how,*
that you have a coach, you must have somebody to drive
it—“ Certainly (says *Margery*) mistress must have it
“ drive, unless she has the reins come through two
“ holes in the fore part, and then she can hold them
“ herself.”—“ Hold your *nonsentious* tongues, ye pair
of *nizies*, (cried *Mrs. Ursula*) your counsel is *pertini-*
cious, it may endanger madam’s limbs to be *dislockited* if
she was to hold the reins herself. Besides, if the *beasties*
were to be *restive* and not willing to go, how could she
whip them?—Ma’am, you must have a coachman.”—
“ Oh, *Ursula*, (answers miss) I can’t bear the *odious*
“ thought; to have a man waiting upon me, and com-
“ ing into the house backwards and forwards, *oh, fough!*
“ you know I never took a hackney chair nor coach
“ for that reason, but chose to walk wet or dry.”—
Oh, my dear lady (screams out *Mrs. Ursula*) may I
never die a maid, if I have not hit upon the right
causation of the affair. You shall have a creature that
did once sing at the opera, but was turned away,
Sebastian Caponi the Italian, and that will do *purdigiously*
clever, for he will have the *compearance* of a man, and
not be a man neither, but only a harmless Italian.”
Miss *Dainty* approved of *Ursula*’s scheme, gave her a

new

new silk gown for her good advice, and was drove by signior *Caponi* to the day of her death, which was about six months ago; in the cold fit of an ague, an ancient maid of sixty-four.

This heart (23) is party coloured, like the manners of its last owner, miss *Tewsa Trapman*, a young lady of fortune, and *coquette* by profession. Her chief pride was to have a train of suitors at her heels; and her constant occupation to ensnare more, and take care not to let one slip off the hook. For this end she suited her manners to the different humours of her admirers; kept each of them on the tenter-hooks of expectation; gave hopes to all, but consent to none. One while she slid into love of one, by an air of modest simplicity; then adorned her face with gayety, which at once inspired tenderness and joy: shifting the scene at the approach of another lover, she by a skilful mixture of freedom and reserve, used with the greatest address the rein or the spur, as the deluded admirer seemed either bold or backward. When she had once ensnared a heart, she held the balance so even between *fear* and *hope*, that the poor man swallowed the bait, hook and all. If one of her gudgeons, tired out with delay, endeavoured to escape, she would write tender billets to recal the wanderer; adorn her face with an obedient smile, or open at command the floodgates of her eyes, till the poor bird returned to his cage. Thus she lived, receiving presents from all who would give; gallanting with, and giving her company to each inviter; flattering each suitor, with the thoughts of being her only love; and feeding each with false hopes, till she caught cold at a midnight party of pleasure on the water, and died

(23) Shewing a heart painted like patch work of sundry colours,

died of a violent fever. From her conduct, ladies may learn, that coquetry in women is like vinegar in sauce; a small dash may sharpen the appetite, but no man of real taste would make a meal on the sour liquid.

How different from the last heart is this black (24), masked one, I now present you with. This was once the heart of Mrs. *Outsids*, a widow lady of strict decorum (in externals) profound secrecy (in what regarded her own affairs) and a perpetual haranguer of young ladies of the value of chastity; she would out-whine a German mumper, out-cant a lady abbess, and out-sigh a widow at her husband's funeral *. She had been married it is true, but that was *in obedience to her parents*; she had had four children, but that was *in obedience to her husband*; and now she was a widow, and her children dead, she was *determined to receive no more addressees* (in public.) She was constant at chapel, regular in her family prayers, and would even retire to pray in private with her domestic chaplain for a whole hour together, so ardent was her devotion, "when she left off her stockings, before she gave them away, she rub'd them out at the knees, that it might be thought they were worn with kneeling †." She never stirred out alone, but as Prior says,

————— to prevent reproach,
Betty went with her in the coach.

She would never be seen at the theatres, *plays in general were too obscene*; yet she would sometimes muffle up herself, and go with her favourite maid to the two shilling gallery, when the *Relapse*, the *Sick Lady's Cure*,

or

(24) Shewing a black heart with a red mask over it.

* This last expression is borrowed.

† As is this also.

or the *Banished Cavalier*, was acted; at last poor lady, a young trooper came drunk one night, and broke her windows, because (as he proclaimed to the whole neighbourhood) she had neglected sending his last quarter's allowance, and refused to buy him the commission she had so often promised. She could not survive this public shame, but died in consequence of it, leaving her fortune between her maid and chaplain.

A LECTURE

LECTURE

ON

HEARTS.

PART III.

CONTRASTED HEARTS.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

WE have seen several hearts, as well male as female, and they have been considered separately. I shall now proceed to show you some hearts which are absolutely contrasted to each other.

These two hearts belonged to two lovers. This wounded one (25) to Miss *Charlotte Firm*, and that (26) to Sir *George Ingrate*. Her agreeable form, and more agreeable temper, attracted the eyes of Sir George; and his winning address, seeming fidelity, and apparent honour, won this *poor faithful heart*. Their fortunes were pretty near equal, and their marriage would have

F

been

(25) Shewing a heart pierced with an arrow.

(26) Shewing a heart with black veins.

been soon concluded, had he not been obliged to set out suddenly for Spain, to secure the wealth a very rich uncle had bequeathed him. Their parting was tender, mutual vows of eternal constancy were given, and for some time letters continued to pass between them. However, those from him became less frequent, and less ardent: the excuses he made for prolonging his stay, seemed trivial to her, and her father dying at that period, her passion was so great, she followed him to Barcelona, where he resided; but on her arrival she had the mortification to find he had forgotten his vows, and was married to a Spanish lady. She saw him, reproached him only with her tears, while the false man scarce attempted at an excuse, for indeed he had none; yet he braved it out, and even insulted her for coming after him. This hastened her death, which followed in two months after her return to England; at which, to cover him with still greater shame, she left him all her fortune. Just providence did not long suffer him to enjoy it, for false in his heart, he soon slighted his Spanish wife, and one night received a stiletto in his breast from her brother, in revenge for his usage of her.*

Here are two hearts (27) (28) the one very wonderful and uncommon, the other too frequently to be met with. The one a *grateful heart*, and the other a *treacherous heart*. They belonged to Mr. John Just, and Mr. Samuel Satan, two gentlemen who had been school-fellows together. A friendship was contracted between them, as firm on the one side, as it was self-interested on the other. Mr. Just's father had left him a middling fortune, and Satan's father had dissipated the greatest.

(27) (28) Shewing a well and an ill-shap'd heart.

* These hearts are omitted in the performance.

greatest part of his. It chanced that one night Mr. Just returning home late, was attacked by three footpads, who, after plundering him, were dragging him aside into a dark place to murder him. At that very instant Mr. Satan passed by, and hearing his friend's voice, flew to his assistance. The thieves intimidated at this unexpected succour, fled; and Mr. Just owed his life to *Satan*. This awakened such a grateful spirit in him, that he thought every return he could make too poor a recompence. (Though it has since been known that the three footpads were only fellows hired by *Satan* to attack Mr. Just, and terrify him greatly, that *he* might have the merit of releasing him, from which he expected ample amends.) Mr. Just took his friend home with him, and loaded him with favours; which the other made use of to attain his treacherous ends. Mr. Just's mother lived with him, and had a fortune at her own disposal, but *Satan* made such use of his art, that he cajoled her into a belief, that her son inwardly hated her, and only carried a fair outside, to inherit her wealth. Suspicious age was alarmed, and at her death she left her whole fortune to her son's false friend. *Satan's* next step was to revive an old dispute between Mr. Just and a neighbouring magistrate, which was carried on to a great length at law, till *Satan* persuaded his friend, that the law would ruin him, for an execution would soon dispossess him of all he had, which only could be avoided by making every thing over to him. The credulous dupe believed his words, and gave into the proposed measure, which was no sooner effected, but *Satan* threw off the mask, gloried in his finesse, and turned his benefactor out of doors; who, shocked at an ingratitude, which, from the examination of his own heart, he could not think ever existed, ended his days a few months after. The treacherous wretch thus

possessed of wealth, soon after married a wife who repaid his villainy, for taking the advantage of her husband's sickness, she took all his notes, cash, and best moveables, and went off to France with her own coachman. Satan informed of this treachery, sunk on his bed, and died with the bitterest imprecations on himself, his wife, and all around him.

But I perceive my audience grow grave, and condemn me for laying such *hearts* before them. Alas! I cannot help it, I give them as they *are*, not as they *ought to be*. But to vary the scene, let us leave the *villainy* to consider the *folly* of mankind.*

These two hearts (29) (30) represent two great extremes, the one was the heart of Sir *Samuel Simper*, *knt.* and *beau*, and the other of 'Squire *Surly*, a clownish fox-hunter. Sir *Samuel* was bred at his mama's nursery, the 'Squire in his father's stables. One studied pastry, dressing of dolls, preserving his complexion, and adorning his person; the other dressing and docking of horses, breaking of dogs, hunting, and drinking of *october*. The *knight* was never easy but when he was among the ladies; and was become so very gentle, so very finikin, and so effeminate, that, but for his cloaths he might have been taken for one himself. He never swore, nor drank; was always delicately clean, and held a daily consultation with his valet, his taylor, his sempstress, and his looking-glass. Then fancied his charms irresistible, and that no woman could stand before him, yet he forbore pursuing his conquests, not to give umbrage to the rest of the fair-sex. On the other hand the

'Squire

* These hearts are also omitted.

(29) Shewing a little heart, surrounded with lace.

(30) Shewing a heart with the figure of a five-bar gate.

'Squire preferred the company of horse-dealers, jockies, huntsmen, and whippers-in, to all the women in the world. Thence he grew so rustic in his person, deportment, and conversation, that he might be taken for a worse brute than any of his dogs. He never gave a civil answer, never spoke without obscenity and oaths; nor ever went to-bed sober. He always slept in his wig, and shifted only once a month. At length Sir Samuel Simper, after being for twenty-eight years the mock of the women and scorn of the men, died of the vapours. And about the same time 'Squire Surly broke his neck at a fox-chase. When their bodies were opened, the beau's heart was found encircled with one row of fringe, one row of gold lace, and a row of right Mecklin; and the 'Squire's heart impressed with the figure of a five-bar gate.

This is a *jealous* heart, (31) and belonged to Signor Don Diego Umbroso. Don Driego, when a *child*, was *jealous* of his parents greater affection to his younger brother. When a *boy* at school, he was *jealous* that his master took more pains with other scholars than with him. When he got into the army, he was *jealous* that his general postponed his advancement to that of a brother officer; therefore he sold out, and came and settled in England. When he was a master of a family, he was *jealous* that his servants deceived and wronged him. And when he was married, he was *jealous* of his wife. His doubts, suspicions, and *jealousies*, made him ever uneasy. Every thing wore the air of mystery, and he suspected an intrigue in every most trivial incident.

One

(31) Shewing a yellow heart.

One day he walked gravely to chapel, and was overheard to say, "*Voto a St. Yago*, I be cuckolde: *non solamente a Coraudo*, but I be sheated by every one. For *mea mala fortuna*. Mine Vife no pity mine anguis, *mea ardente amore*. Efery man get before me in efery ting. De oder marchant get better bargain. *Mea criado*, mine servant me pigliar. Mine vife no lose me—and see dat man be got to prayers before me. This poor man deserved compassion. His faithful wife strove her utmost to undeceive him; but that canker-worm *jealousy* had jaundiced his heart. Jeasously, in whose glass every object is seen false, had so overcame him, that he *would* not be cured; and he died with grief for imaginary evils, that had no existence but in his disordered brain.

Not so the owner of this *confident heart*. (32) Mr. *Trust* knew that restraint was the parent of wrong. He gave his wife an unlimited freedom, which so worked upon her mind, naturally wavering, that it entirely fixed her; she scorning to abuse the liberties which he gave her. Thus he lived happy, was well served by his domestics, tenderly obeyed by his children, and died in peace, full of days.

This is the heart of Mr. *Daniel Daredevil*, a cheating debauchee by practice and inclination, and an atheist by speculation. This man was hurried on by the extravagance of his passions to every thing that was bad in private, yet as he preserved a specious outside, and kept clear of the law, he passed for a *moral man*. But when he cast a retrospect on his actions and principles, he was clearly convinced that if there *was* a deity, he *must* be the object of his wrath;

wrath; therefore he strove to blunt the stings of his conscience, by casting off all belief of futurity. To this end, he studied diligently *Woolston, Chubb, Toland, Bolingbroke*, and all the authors of that stamp, till he had worked himself into a kind of a mechanical disbelief of what it was his interest to wish had no existence. He was a constant attendant at a speaking society, there he harangued on the force of impulses, the doctrine of necessity, the certainty of fatality, and the incongruity of free wills. "I must own, Mr. President, man has stronger conceptions than sundry other animals, but that will no more prove the immortality of the soul, or that man is a inheritor of eternity, than the superiority of sense in a monkey over a mole or dormouse, would persuade one to believe that a monkey had greater reason to expect immortality than the dormouse. No, no, Mr. President, all these notions are only the prejudices of education, the effect of priest-craft, and the dreams of a perverted imagination. The difference of sense and reason in different animals arises only from the different organization of matter." Thus he would talk, to the corruption of weak heads and bad hearts, who applauded his sophistry, and took his base metal for current coin.—Thus he lived, till a raging fever, the consequence of a secret debauch, let light into his soul, threw him on his knees, and urged him to utter the prayers of despair; thus he continued, doubting, assenting, dreading, and despair, without that only resource of the afflicted and distressed, *hope*, till he died in unspeakable horrors, a fearful proof of that elegant expression of a late author, *The beholding the death of a libertine is the surest antidote against the evil example of his life.*

This

This double heart (33) was that of Mr. *Timothy Twang*, an hypocrite, this which seemed to glow with the fire of piety, flamed with false zeal, and only served as a cover to the real blackness of the other. Mr. *Twang* was excellent at long graces, and thanksgivings; and when he took an house, his first enquiry was after a convenient room where he might sing psalms so as to be *over-heard* by the neighbours. He always called his family together to prayers, morning and evening, yet seldom failed going every day to see a girl he kept in a snug corner. He was indefatigable in procuring himself to be left guardian to wealthy minors, and as indefatigable in finding ways and means to sink some part of the fortune into his own coffer. He gave much in charity, but it was always when many were spectators; and when any subscription was proposed, and the benefactors names were to be published, he constantly contributed his guinea. His discourse was composed in the most puritanical style, and well larded with texts of scripture. His chief diversion was smoking a *serious* pipe, and drinking a *serious* cup, along with the faithful. For plays were abominations, music the sound of the beast, and dancing the merry go-round of the devil. Singing was anti-christian, unless they were spiritual hymns that were sung, to the melodious twang of a soporiferous nose. Laughter was impious, and his mouth never extended wider than a smile. As he lived, so he died, and at last thought he had purchased the fee simple of a seat in heaven, by endowing an hospital.

These were the two extremes, but this (34) is the golden mean. This was a pious heart, and the owner of it the
Reverend

(33) Shewing a double heart.

(34) Shewing a heart surrounded with flames.

Reverend Mr. *Abdiel Allgood*.—He steered equally between infidelity and superstition. The purity of his faith was shewn by the uprightness of his manners, and the constant tenor of a regular well spent life. When he beheld vice, he was sorry for the fault but pitied the offender. He knew the force of evil example, and made allowances for the follies of youth and impetuosity of its passions; therefore spared bitter reproaches, which too frequently render the mind callous; and strove to allure men to virtue, by showing its most beautiful side. He was steady in his own principles, yet tender of others whose opinions were contrary to those he had adopted. Trivial errors were not severely censured; he knew that human nature could not be perfect, and that the best men have their respective faults. He never injured his neighbour by rash judgment, nor put harsh constructions on doubtful actions. He was always chearful (the constant concomitant of a good conscience) and shewed religion in her most amiable form, thereby rendering her desirable. His heart was inflamed with divine ardor, glowed with true charity, and had none of the melancholy shade of the gloomy enthusiast. In short, in every station of life, he acted in a becoming manner, till he slept in peace, leaving the odour of his sanctity among his parishioners, who revered his memory, and raised a monument of praise to him in their hearts.

This heart, wound round with a serpent, (35) the emblem of wisdom, was the heart of a physician. He had studied nature in her various operations, and by his knowledge of the properties of bodies, hunted disease through all its mazy meanders, and brought

G

that

(35) Shewing such a heart.

that aid which those only can truly value who have felt its want. Open and generous in his dealings, he proportioned his fees to the ability of his patient, and as he was not under the controll of an apothecary, he never calculated his prescriptions for the sole good of the shop. His knowledge of the calamities of disease, had not hardened his heart, but made him compassionate to the poor sufferers. Where abilities were wanting to pay him, he generously gave his advice *gratis*, and died full of years, experience, and reputation, though very poor, for he left not behind him a glaring ostentatious library, or a ridiculous collection of useless gimcracks.

This is the heart of a quack, (36) a true contrast to the real regular physician. On the strength of an impudent face, an ignorant head, a voluminous wig, a chariot, and *the King's Patent*, he imposed on the credulous, prostituted the royal name, and murdered mankind with impunity. He had been bred an apothecary, in an obscure country village, where tired with serving ha'pworths of *Diachylum* and pennyworths of *Wenus Treacle*, he sold his shop, bought a receipt from a poor Scotch surgeon, came to town, procured a patent, and advertised away. His tongue was voluble, and his language a jargon produced from his having no ideas but what related to his former shop, and calculated to deceive the ignorant. He could neither speak, nor write out of the common routine, as may be clearly proved from a love letter he sent to Miss *Firkin*, a wealthy cheese-monger's daughter, who married him as soon as he sat up his equipage.

“Dear

(36) Shewing a heart with a label, on which is written
BY THE KING'S PATENT.

" Dear Miss Firkin,

" This comes to you with my *cordial* thanks for your *invigorating* reception last night, when I *spread* my mind before you. You are *sovereignly* good, and *syringed* my ears with praises, which should be *administered* to your sweet self alone. I scarce know how to write to you, for my mind is so *constipated* in the *abdomen* of my doubts, that nothing but the *cathartic* *syrup* of your sense, can *correct*, *discharge* and *mundify* my thoughts."

" Yes, my dear miss, your mouth is an *alembic*, whence your *conceptions* more *subtile* than *quintessence* momentarily distil ; my patients are less moved by my *Patent Elixir*, than the vivacity of your eyes do correct the *acrid* and *mordicant* *humours* of an *inflamed* love. Your chearful temper, is a *sovereign orvietan* against the *melancholy paroxysms* of an heart *oppilated*, with your rare virtues and eminent qualities."

" Happy is the wounded breast to which such an excellent *cataplasm* as yourself shall be *applied*. I shall *infuse* the gracious attractions with which you superabound, in the *mattrafs* of my remembrance. Tomorrow I shall have the honour to feel your pulse again, till then adieu, *dulcified antimony* of my inquietudes, and dear *lenitive* of my thoughts.

Your eternal adorer,

Peter Potion."

Mr. Potion had so long and so often given his *Patent Elixir* ; and to so many different persons, that, at last, he foolishly thought it was good for something : and being once a little indisposed, tried it upon himself—the consequence was—he died.—

This last heart, is a corrupt heart (37), and belonged to Mr. *Peter Perquisite*, expediting clerk in a certain public office, where his business was to receive petitions, to present to the chief clerk, to present to the board, and then to expedite the grants with all possible haste. His salary was *sixty pounds* a year, but by the help of what the French call the *tour du baton*, he made it worth *six hundred*. From his place he thought he had an undoubted right to be approached cap in hand; to be insolent, priggish, and saucy. It may be supposed that he received some gratuity from the petitioners on doing their business, and thence arose his profits.—Quite the contrary—he thought business required time; and the cords of dispatch never ran glibly with him, till they were well greased. When a man came up to town, with a petition for a pension for past services, or disability through age, sickness, wounds, or any thing else; Peter wisely considered that when the business was done, that the man had nothing to do but to live in quiet and ease; which he thought would be the better tasted, the greater trouble he had in getting it. If therefore he found the man close.—“Call again in about, a month.”—The petitioner answers that he stays in town at great expence, and should be obliged to him if he would hasten it on as much as possible.—This you may think he did, in pity to the man’s distress—the devil a-bit—Peter thought pity was weakness in a clerk, and the more the man’s distress, the more he would pay to get out of it the sooner—and if he had no money, he might borrow on the strength of his pension—Therefore if he spied the man’s hand sliding into his fob, under the flap of his waistcoat. He would say, “Why, sir; there are already twenty-three petitions

(37) Shewing a heart of a livid purple colour.

petitions in your very case, and they must be all served in their turn." The petitioner takes out his hand, slips two pieces into Peter's—"When shall I call again?"—"Let me see—the day after to-morrow—to-morrow the board sits—I shall run a great risque—but to serve you, your's shall be the first case considered."—And so it was, and the order for his pension made out. Thus you think the business done—not yet—the order was made out 'tis true; but it was neither signed nor sealed that too must be expedited with two more pieces, and then Mr. Perquisite refers the petitioner to Mr. Vulture the chief clerk, that he might squeeze him too. [Mr. Perquisite died with vexation that he could not get a place of £.120 a year, by which he might have made £.1200 Then he could have set up his coach and married a fortune, whereas he was forced to put up with a miss and a single gelding.]

M

A CRITICAL

A CRITICAL
DISSERTATION
ON
NOSES.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

MAN hath been frequently stiled the *lesser* world, and, like his counterpart, the *great world* is composed of sundry different parts. If we pursue the comparison, we shall find, that as there are gulphs, straits, forests, plains, and mountains in the latter, so there are in the former. What is the mouth but a gulph, which swallows almost all that is put into it? The throat is one out of many straits, which serve only as passages to more spacious and extensive parts. The hair is a forest, thicker or thinner set, as the soil is better or worse adapted to such a produce. And for mountains and protuberances in the human body, they are almost without number.

Among the hills and mountains of the little world, none is more eminent in the map of the face than that curious protuberance *the nose*. It is a promontory which is very remarkable, and very conspicuous.

Lovers

A CRITICAL DISSERTATION ON NOSES. 47

Lovers may treat on eyes and lips, but I, as a student in the geography of man, will confine my self to the *nose*.

The *nose* being the most prominent part of the face, is generally beheld from afar,—that is, if it is of any tolerable size. From the longitude and latitude of that Headland, we may give a shrewd guess at the temperament of the climate it belongs to, and the disposition of the wearer.

I hope none will turn up the *nose* at this dissertation, since the *nose* is the most exalted part of the face. In antient times men of rank derived not only part of their eminence, but of their names, from the qualities of the handles of their faces. *Ovid* the poet, obtained the surname of *Naso*, from the length of his snout; and *Mark Tully*, the great orator, was called *Cicero* from the wart on the tip of his.

The *nose* is a prominence placed in the middle of the face—except indeed, in such as have had it knocked on one side by the rude hand of a Broughtonian bruiser—and is always very visible, where it has not been unfortunately undermined. It is placed a little lower and between the two eyes, to the intent that what a man cannot see, he may smell out; for, excepting that it serves for ornament, smelling is its chief use.—By it the lawyer, smells out a suit,—the doctor, a patient,—the undertaker, a carcase,—and the burly justice, a feast. It not only supplies the defects of the eyes, but when their sight decays, serves as a support for those necessary aids to dimness and gravity, a pair of spectacles; for I will maintain, that the nose is the proper support for those supplementary optics; and that sticking spectacles on the temple is a scandalous innovation, and a daring affront to the dignity of the human Proboscis.

Noses

Noses are of great antiquity. Adam and Eve each wore one, and any of their descendants cuts so very ridiculous figure without that ornament, that Tagliacotius, a learned Italian physician, gained immortal honour in finding out a way to supply them where they were wanting.

Although almost every human creature has a *nose*, yet they are not all alike in every subject, but vary greatly in their shape, colour, and dimensions. We see—the bottle nose—the roman nose—(since called the the king William's nose, and the Kingston-bridge nose)—the ruby nose—the snipe nose—the turning-up nose—the hooked nose—and a long *et-cetera* of *noses*—some of which I have here to exhibit.

This is a *bottle-nose* (1) and, by the rules of physiognomy, denotes the wearer to be an honest, thoughtless, merry, talkative fellow. This nose, in the geography of man, answers to that bluff mountain in the Isle of Wight, called *Dunnose*, from one Mr. Dun, who lived near that place, and had such a nose as this. The person from whom this nose was copied was Mr. Humphry Humm. He was the life of every company, and his pleasantry made him so sought after, that his business was frequently neglected, and his family often went without a supper, while he was setting the members of his club in a roar. He loved story telling, and had rather lose his friend than his jest. Whenever he entered the room, he fixed upon one of the company for a butt; valued himself for being a great *roaster*, and sometimes got himself *basted* for his wit. But provided the majority laughed at what he said, he was contented, as he

(1) Shewing a very large nose,

he really meant no harm. One night meeting with two natives of North Briton, at his club, he began to tell a story to roast them, but was greatly disappointed when they joined in the laugh themselves; for they were men of too much sense to be offended at a joke, and wisely concluded, that nothing should be taken as an affront which was not absolutely intended as such. [Here follows a story; the humour of which consists only in the action and delivery: As therefore no adequate idea can be conceived from the recital in print, it is omitted.]

This hook-nose, (2) inflexed like a parrot's bill, denotes superstition and gossiping. It was modelled after the prognosticating snout of one goody Screech-owl, an old woman, who, tho' dim-sighted, beheld omens and portents in every thing she squinted at.—“Ah me! the world is grown so careless, that they take no notice of the many omenous things they behold. If they did they might see many events before they come to pass. I am sure that I have always found things to happen as I have foreseen. If ever I dream of a cat, I am sure to hear of some spiteful woman enemy. I dreamt of a ring four days before Grace Grizzel was married. My grandson Tommy died just that day week that I had seen a winding-sheet in the candle. Jenny Jarvis spilt my salt the very day that my cow Crummie died of the new disorder. I was sitting up with neighbour Gubbins t'other night, when, about twelve o'clock, —ay, just turned of twelve, I heard three knocks at the door, the cricket cried in the chimney, the owl hooted, and I thought verily I saw something, but the candle
H burnt

(2) Shewing such a nose.

* Putting on the nose, and sitting down.

burnt so blue, that I could not distinguish what it was, and the very next morning Mrs. Gubbins's poor baby died of the dry-gripes.—Nay I knew I should not lay long out of my own bed, for my elbow itched terribly.—Ah! I have seen signs and tokens any time these three and forty year. I had sufficient intelligence of my dear husband Jeffery's death; for the night after he went to sea, the very drawer where I had put his will and power, gave three cracks; my nose dropt just three drops of blood; two months after my cat frisked about so much that I knew a storm was gathering. I saw a letter in the candle, and the week after I heard my poor Jeffery was drowned on the rocks of Scilly, on the very night that the bells of our church rung backwards of their own accord, and the parson's old sow, that my husband was so very fond of, died with pig.

This *turning-up nose*, (3) denotes envy, spleen, and ill-nature, and was taken from that of *Will Snaer*, the critic. When he was a boy, he turned up the point of his nose by always wiping it on his sleeve. When he grew up to man's estate, he fixed it in this form by constantly wrinkling it at the good success of every writer, or performer. In his hyper-critical opinion, "Pope was a meer versifier, without any invention. Young a gloomy writer. Thomson was insipid; and Swift a dirty, nasty fellow." Indeed when they were dead, he allowed them some praise; but no living author could have the least pretence to merit. He read only to find fault; and *that* work was most agreeable to him in which he could pick the most holes:—but enough of him. A critic's business is to point out beauties as well as faults; and to encourage, not depress a rising genius.

—Hold

(3) Shewing such a nose.

—Hold, let me see—is there ever a sour critic among you?—No—I see none but good-natur'd noses—*Will Sneer* is not there—Here are none but those who wish to be pleased, and will either excuse any defects in me, or point them out in such a manner that I may mend it.

This *Ruby Nose*, (4) of the true Bardolphian kind, is the mount *Ætna* of the face. Its rubicund colour took more expence in the dying, than would new paint the *Mansion-house*; and as many gallons of wine have been absorbed in this nose as would stock a tolerable wine-vault. This is the image of the top light of *Sam Beaker* of *Wine-office-court*. This was his trim.

Don't tell me of sobriety—a fig for sobriety—what is good for, but to make a man an ass—a sneaking fellow—truth is found in wine—all the learning of antiquity was found in wine—and philosophy was found at the bottom of the third bottle. Good wine makes the sense shine forth, and gives us courage—when I am sober, I am afraid of my wife's tongue, but when I'm bobbish and jolly, I can face *Belzebub*—nay, more, I can beat a city substitute constable—*Socrates* was an honest fellow—he always went to the tavern, when his wife—*Tippy*—what d'ye call her name?—began to scold—what then can we do better than imitate that wise philosopher?—

The doctors are a pack of fools, they say that drinking sends a man to the grave—but that's a lye. Good wine will dye a pale man the colour of scarlet—witness my nose—no! no doctor for me but *Hippocrates*, who says a man should get drunk thirty times a month, at least. Why the world gets drunk sometimes, and reels about, and then people think there is an earthquake. The sun and the moon are the two eyes of the world, and what your fools of astrologers call an eclipse

(4) Shewing a very red nose.

* Putting on the nose.

52 A CRITICAL DISSERTATION ON

is nothing but that the world gets drunk, and winks with one or t'other of his eyes."

This sharp nose with a red tip (5) is a sure sign of a scold, and was copied from the snipe nose of *Susan Spitfire*. She was not the termagant woman of spirit like Mrs. *Firebrand*, but was perpetually peevish and snarling. She did not raise a hurricane in the house, but kept it in a continual breeze.* Thus she advised her sister who was just married,— "Take care, sister, that your husband never gets the mastery over you; in order to which, you must continually thwart him; but when you find his passion rise, then let him down again, lest you should raise in him a spirit you cannot so easily lay: always have your own will, and never be so conquered but what you may renew the attack: for a true scold, if you knock out her teeth, will mumble with her gums; and if you pull out her tongue, she'll scold with the stump of it, while the least bit is left. Keep up a dark sullenness, a deep rooted obstinacy, and the best way not to be convinced you are in the wrong, is never to listen to any reason; and if you keep yourself virtuous, on the strength of that one quality, you may do what you please and have all the women on your side.

This nose with a bump in the middle, is called a roman nose, an aquiline nose, a king William's nose, or a Kingston bridge nose (6) It is the emblem of fortitude, bravery, love of women, and no great attachment to truth. Cæsar had such a nose, and in our days we see many of them: this was taken from old *Ben Blunderbuss*,

(5) Shewing such a nose.

* Putting on the nose.

(6) Shewing such a nose.

a one legg'd serjeant in Chelsea-hospital. He had been a brave old soldier, run his sword in every enemy he came near, and run his nose against every female he saw. "When I was in Germany, I faced the French, I routed them: seventeen I killed one morning at Bleinheim—I fought in the trenches till the blood ran over the tops of my gaiters—I myself stopt a narrow passage over a foot bridge, and sustained the force of four hundred men till my own regiment rallied. I was once blown up at the siege of Maestricht; broke open a convent at Namur, and got nine nuns and the old lady abbess with child—Ah! there was a whole platoon of Blunderbusses. And if I had not unfortunately lost my leg, by a cannon ball, I might have been a general by now—for the officers loved me—they could depend upon Ben—he never flinched." Thus would he rattle at an alehouse, and interlard his real exploits with such rhodomontades, that they caused his hearers to think all was false, and made him lose the real merit of his brave action.—Too many red coats do the same.

This is a long slender nose, (7) denoting boldness, and inquisitiveness: it is exactly like the snout of Tom Tattle, which was so formed, like the shadower of a sundial, that if figures had been made on his face, one had only to set him against the sun to see what it was o'clock. He loved to poke his nose into every body's business, and to know the bottom of every thing. This disposition made him very fond of his employment, which was that of a collector of paragraphs for a newspaper. "Ah, master! I've pickt up a whole budget full of news. There has been a most brilliant fire in the

(7) Shewing such a nose.

* Putting on the nose.

the West of England. I have brought you a glorious paragraph of a murder on Salt-petre bank, and an illustrious robbery in Broad St. Giles's. Here are three marriages, and two sumptuous funerals, which I got from Sam Stave, the parish clerk; and four deaths which I was told of by David Dismal, first mute to Mr. Hunt-Carrion, the undertaker of Cripplegate,—they cost me three pints of purl this morning—Oh! I had almost forgot—prince Heraclius has gained a victory—the Dutch are fitting up their fleet—and the French king and his parliament are at loggerheads again. I learnt all this from the Swiss porter of a foreign ambassador, who was told it by the valet of his excellency, who overheard his master talk to his secretary about it, while his hair was dressing.—People may say what they will, but news-papers are the only food for the mind.—How many thousand citizens get up with vacant heads, and don't know what to talk about till they have read the papers. I have seen a taylor run down from his garret, and leave his goose to cool, while he enquired after the ministry; and but yesterday I met with Will Query running to fetch a midwife to his wife, and, as he was in haste, he only slept in and drank two dishes of coffee with me, while I told him of the new scheme to pay off the national debt, and lower the price of porter, and read him three letters on the new paying the city of London.

This last is a blunt nose (8) denoting sloth and gluttony. Such a nose as this was worn by that lazy pampered epicure Sir Gregory Greedy. “Ah (says he) the only pleasure of life consists in eating. Nothing requires a nicer taste than that curious art, cookery; and a good

(8) Shewing such a nose.

• Putting on the nose.

good cook, is to me, a more valuable creature than a parson, a doctor, or a lawyer. The one preaches mortification, but look at his belly and you will see he lies.—The other advises abstinence to his patients and will go home to sit down to his ragouts; and the lawyer torments you so with the law, that he takes your stomach away.—How many men chew for fifty years and never *eat* in their lives. How I pity our forefathers—they never eat turtle—I will now build my kitchen, and adorn it with the statue of the author of the land-carriage-fish-scheme, for without him we should never have eat John Dory in London—Oh what a pity it is, that the pleasure of eating should be of such short duration! no man can eat for above two hours, and then it will be near four hours more before his appetite comes again. O the fat of a good haunch!—the delicious taste of a fine turbot!—the flavour of a good ragout, or a luscious fricassée. O hard fate! that a man must die, and leave oysters and vermicelli behind him!

*The royal stamp makes current ev'ry ore,
And gives a value where was none before;
So your applause on my attempt this night,
Will make it sterling in the critic's sight.*

F I N I S.



